

and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This must be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning sees so: where he himselfe will edifie the Duke most parlously in our behalfe: hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his learning makes no cry.

3. Weele see the sports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweete Companions lets rehearse by any meanes, before The Ladies see us; and doe sweetly, and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the sports once ended, wee'l perforce. Away Boyes and hold.

*Arc.* By your leaves honest friends: pray you whither goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a question's that?

*Arc.* Yes, tis a question, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

*Arc.* Not farre Sir,

Are there such *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:

And such as you neuer saw; The *Duke* himselfe Will be in person there.

*Arc.* What pastimes are they?

2. Wrastring, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

*Arc.* Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir

Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde misgives me

This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip, Marke how his Bodi's made for t

2. Ile be hangd though

If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,

He wrastring? he rost eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

*Arc.*

*Arc.* This is an offerd opportunity I durst not wish for. Well, I could have wrestled, The best men call'd it excellent, and run Swifter, then winde upon a feild of Corne (Curling the wealthy eares) never flew: Ile venture, And in some poore disguise be there, who knows Whether my browes may not be girt with garlands? And happines preferre me to a place, Where I may ever dwell in sight of her. *Exit Arcite,*

*Scena 4. Enter Isidors Daughter alone.*

*Daugh.* Why should I love this Gentleman? Tis odds He never will affect me; I am base, My Father the meane Keeper of his Prison, And he a prince; To marry him is hopelesse; To be his whore, is witles; Out upon't; What pushes are we wenches driven to When fiftene once has found us? First I saw him, I (seeing) thought he was a goodly man; He has as much to please a woman in him, (If he please to bestow it so) as ever These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him, And so would any young wench o' my Conscience That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maydenhead To a yong handsom Man; Then I lov'd him, (Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him; And yet he had a Cosen, faire as he too. But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there Lord, what a coyle he keeps? To heare him Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is? And yet his Songs are sad-ones; Fairer spoken, Was never Gentleman. When I come in To bring him water in a morning, first He bowes his noble body, then salutes me, thus: Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow, may thy goodnes, Get thee a happy husband; Once he kist me, I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after, Would he would doe so ev'ry day; He greives much, And me as much to see his misery.

*What*